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The Weather
South Carolina: Fair Sunday Monday fair and warmer.
Act of rip, Cole!
Regular decent weather, this.
That was some speech, Woody, take it from us.
Wonder how the Kaiser's stove of iron is holding out?
What's become of old "Aunt" Carrie Nation?
We thought as you as Brooks March, we'd been to the farm the price of a chicken would advance.
A few more days like yesterday and the secret of the new spring hat will be out.
It's a mighty sorry sort of convict who can't get a pardon or parole these days.
Cannon, W. S. Jones can now pose up to the polls and vote as big as any of us.
Now that 1,500 ex-convicts have had their citizenship restored, what are they going to do with it?
A few more days of sunshine and the North Main street swamp, between Main street and the postoffice, will look like a hard-baked fritter.
Anderson county wasn't invited to the governor's little pardoning frolic yesterday. Maybe he's planning something special for us.
How to keep safe under shell fire, reads a headline. Remove that "W" from the word shell, brother, and you'll interest more people.
The "movie" theatre managers might draw larger crowds if they changed the advertisement of "John Barleycorn in Six Reels" to that gentleman of treacherous character in six quartets.
Postmaster General Burleson has directed postmasters to give the widest publicity possible to the fact that the two-cent letter postage rate does not apply to Australian and New Zealand. Thanks, Burley, we were awfully perplexed about that matter.

OUR DAILY POEM

The World is All Right.
There is nothing at all the matter, my boy.
The world goes plugging along in the same old way, from day to day, singing her good old songs.
Maybe her songs grow old to you, and maybe your hopes grow dim, but there's nothing at all the matter, my boy.
It's only your foolish whim.
There is nothing at all the matter, my boy.
You have only lost your hold; get back to the life and back to the strife.
Get back to your work unaided. There is work laid out for your hands to do.
Get back to your task with vim; there is nothing at all the matter, my boy.
It's only your foolish whim.
There is nothing at all the matter, my boy.
Shouldn't you task is done, the way for a place in the world's and men.
It's the way that the end is won. There's a place at the top, but the way is long.
Don't sell your star crowns dim; that's the way the world's all wrong, my boy.
It's only your foolish whim.

THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The first issue of the Southern Advocate, published in Anderson, is off the press, and is filled with good things for the Methodists of South Carolina. This church paper is published by The Anderson Intelligencer, which newspaper has secured a contract for publishing it for years.

The new editor is Rev. W. C. Kirkland, one of the leading members of the Conference of South Carolina. He is well fitted for the great work of editing the paper of his denomination. A college man with university training, and with an active ministry for a number of years in some of the most important charges of the State, he brings to this editorial work a trained mind and a consecrated heart for the work. He writes easily and with a literary style which will place him in the front ranks of editors of the religious press in the South. Anderson is, indeed, glad to welcome this good man and his family to the city, and also the Southern Christian Advocate.

The following is Editor Kirkland's salutatory:

This is a new and strange business for us. We have known nothing but the pastorate. But as long as we are responsible for the Southern Christian Advocate, we shall try to make it a readable and helpful paper.

The twentieth century is one in which we have seen the facilities for collecting and publishing the world's news made perfect. And to know every day what has been done in every other part of the world seems necessary to the prosperity of any one part. Among all these agencies, the newspaper still holds one of the chief places.

The story is told that when Benjamin Franklin first thought of establishing the Saturday Evening Post, he consulted his mother about the matter and she advised against it, saying, "There are two newspapers in the United States already, and that ought to be enough." We wonder what she would say about such matters to-day, were she living. A paper dealer informs us that three hundred car loads of paper are consumed daily in our country in the making of newspapers. This seems incredible.

But we do know that every commercial enterprise, every political party, and every religious organization today knows full well the power that rests in the printer's ink.

The Sunday newspaper has become an indispensable thing. Its power is too great ever to be discarded in religious work. We believe the future will see it brought to a very high state of perfection.

The Advocate is first of all a newspaper that was designed long ago for seeing men to disseminate the news of the Methodist Church here in our beloved Palmetto State and of Methodism in general.

The Methodist Church has become a very great organization in the world. We are working out a great denominational life, have great activities, great spirit, mission, purpose and end in view. The Methodist Church will play a part in the world's religious work both today, and tomorrow, and in the remote future.

In order that this life may express itself and communicate itself, we need, in addition to our other no less valuable instruments, our own newspaper.

We have built up at a stupendous cost our varied enterprises. We have put time and money and lives into them. These are maintained by us for the expressed intent and purpose of stamping our interpretation of the religion taught by Christ on the life of this world in which we live, both here in this new nation and in other lands. And we know, all of us, that the success of these undertakings depends largely on the ideal condition of us as knowing at the same time what the mind of Israel is.

But how can we all know as we should unless we have some adequate means of intercommunication? It seems more imperative now than ever that full information concerning our Church work be kept steadily before the minds of all the people who are called Methodists. It is not sufficient that our bishops, presiding elders, pastors, and lay leaders, know, but our first reserve line, our men, our second reserve line, our women, and even our third reserve line, our youth, must also know, in order that they may appreciate the sublime purpose of our Church and be willing to cooperate with us. Adequate and accurate knowledge of the reason for our denominational existence and of the ends that we have in view, that is, in standing for the New Testament type of religion, as we know it, cannot but come from hearty and enthusiastic Christian service among us.

The Advocate is also a family paper. It goes as a weekly visitor into thousands of homes. It must, therefore, carry a diversity of information. Its pages should be enriched with things that touch in a helpful way our many sided life.

A special department will be maintained for Our Boys and Girls. The children of this day are omnivorous readers. The Advocate will try to give them a good page. We trust they may find it a happy way to cultivate their friendship thereby. Whoever gives the boys or a child or youth and leads him to love the Church does both a lasting service. One of our best ministers learned the alphabet when a child, in these columns and he says he owes an equal debt of gratitude to the Advocate and to the late Dr. James H. Carlisle, under whom he was educated. That is high praise for The Advocate.

It would afford us no little delight to know that parents who have those in their home to whom the future came to us that the significant sum invested for the price of the Church paper was the best money of all that they spent on their education.

The main body of The Advocate will, of course, be prepared for mature men and women. We have already enlisted the help of some who are fully

competent to make our columns interesting. We believe that with our contributions, present and prospective, we shall be able to set our adult readers an appetizing bill of fare. Some of our helpers have already placed us under obligation for their work on this initial number and in fact there are some good things that had to be kept over for the next or else increase the number of our pages, which we could not do.

Among Christian Advocate readers there is a big, big number of the dear old folk, who are scattered here and there over South Carolina. We have just used one word which we confess we do not like. And we are trying to drop it out of our vocabulary. The body does indeed decay and grow old, but somehow God has a way by which he keeps the heart in perpetual youth. Many of these are now practically shut in at their homes, seldom do they get to the public workshop, they hear few sermons or prayers, or hymns. The little grand children gather around their big chairs at the close of the day. These sometimes have day dreams, in which by faith they see the City that hath foundations whose architect and builder is God and they wait for the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

These all love to read The Advocate perhaps as none others do and it is our desire to bring them from week to week many things good and beautiful to read.

But lastly, as the good minister says, the Advocate is a denominational paper, a Methodist paper. We love all the Churches that truly exalt Jesus Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords, but we love our own the best. In our boyhood home there never was any attempt made to find which church was entitled to second place, whether Lutheran, or Baptist, or Episcopal or Presbyterian, or what Church. We loved them all and were glad we did not have to sit in judgment as to that matter, but with us there was never any doubt that the Methodist Church was first in our affection and veneration. It could hardly have been otherwise with us, however, as all of our people on both sides were Methodist clear back to Adam. The Advocate thus being a Methodist paper, we shall use it to set forth the faith that we so much cherish.

But whatever else it may be or may not be, we want it to be such that it shall merit the Divine approval and with this end in view, we shall do our part, as under the Great Task Master's Eye.

There was an advance in the cotton market yesterday. Hope there was a corresponding decline in the hard-times-talk.

If you hear sounds of battle tomorrow, don't be alarmed. The battle of ballots will be on at Belton for the selection of town officials.

That mighty noise like the rumbling of distant volcanoes in eruption is caused by the legislators packing their "Saragatogs" for the pilgrimage to the Square Meal Town.

Should "Big" King be elected sergeant-at-arms of the House, it wouldn't be healthy for Cole to start something and the speaker call on the "big un" to eject the disturber.

THE GLORY OF WAR

The Hand of God.

The ground was thickly carpeted with green ferns, tinged with the russet of early fall, the stately columns of the trees, a cool silvery gray, upheld the fluttering canopy of yellow leaves, so vividly yellow that the air shimmered with a golden radiance. The gleam of the afternoon sky completed a cathedral built by God's hands, the gilded dome, inlaid with turquoise, and the shafts of dusky silver rising from the bronze green velvet carpet. The sweet aromatic fragrance of autumn rose like incense, and the golden silence was faintly broken by the softly flowing organ tones of a hidden river.

The Hand of Man.

Into the peace and calm, the luminous solitudes of the woods, and the perfumed green aisles, burst the shrieking of shells, the hiss of the bullets, cries of men, and all the furious clamor of battle. The fight had drawn near, the beech wood became part of the battle ground, the stillness was shattered by the rush and roar of hurrying shells, the whirling whistle of the flying messengers of death, the crashing of falling branches, and the running, fighting men, panting, cursing, and killing. The ferns stretching little green fingers to the shining sun, are gone, trampled and trodden into the earth, the silver gray columns torn, defaced and shrouded by shot and shell, the golden canopy rent, the turquoise hidden, and all around are men, wounded and dying men, some in huddled heaps of agonized flesh, others, out flung in mortal pain, one laid calling for his mother. Alas! poor mother! There is a man in the prime of life, with waist as once a strong and no body, now a torn and mangled thing, riddled by savage bullets, blood gushing with every labored rattling breath, and there a gallant boy, with gun clasped tightly in one dead hand, his cheek pillowed on the other, between cheek and palm, a little tinted picture of his sweetheart. And that sweetheart, what of her? And the mother of the dying lad? The wife of the older man? And thousands and thousands like them, mothers, wives and sweethearts, heart broken and despairing. The Glory of War, the barbarian, and the butcher, the covetousness and the greed, the agony and the sorrow, these are the Glories of War.

SARAH MCCORDY TRESCOTT.
Pendleton, S. C.

RUSSEL H. CONWELL TO LECTURE HERE JAN. 25

WILL DELIVER HIS FAMOUS LECTURE "ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

AT COLLEGE

He is One of the Foremost Lecturers of the Country—Biographical Sketch.

Announcement was made yesterday that Russell H. Conwell, one of the most brilliant and eloquent lecturers in the United States, will deliver his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," at the Anderson College on Tuesday evening, January 26.

Those who have never enjoyed the privilege of listening to one of Conwell's lectures should make every possible sacrifice to hear him on the evening he speaks in Anderson. With reference to the brilliant lectures the following sketch will be of interest:

Russell H. Conwell was born in the town of Worthington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, February 15, 1843, and spent his early days upon a small farm, known as "The Eagle's Nest," situated in the most sterile and mountainous portion of that region. Very early in his boyhood he was compelled to earn his own living, and, unassisted, secured the position he now holds as a "self-made man." He kept along with his classes in the district school by studying evenings, while working at manual labor during school hours, and earned by daily labor his meager supply of food and clothing while at the Academy in Wilbraham, Mass.

In 1860 he entered a law and academic courses together at Yale College, the latter under a tutor, so as to economize his time and reduce his expenses. But the war interrupted his studies in 1862 and took him to the field as a captain of infantry. He afterward served in the artillery branch of the service and as a staff officer.

At the close of the war he graduated in the law department of the Albany University and went to Minnesota, where he began the practice of law. In 1867 he represented the State of Minnesota as its emigration to Germany, and became the foreign correspondent of his own newspaper. In 1868 he was engaged as the correspondent of the New York Tribune, and in the year following as the traveling correspondent of the Boston Traveller.

In 1870 he was sent to the different countries in Asia, by the New York Tribune and Boston Traveller and made the entire circuit of the globe, filling at that time many important lecture engagements in India and England. He afterwards visited England exclusively on a lecture tour through the important cities of that country. In 1876 he published of his first book, "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate." It has been followed by many others of a historical and biographical character. He was a friend and traveling companion of Bayard Taylor, and his biography of that poet and traveler had a very extended sale. His biography of Spurgeon reached a sale of 125,000 copies in four months.

For eight years he practiced law in Boston and gained a great popularity as a lecturer and writer. In 1879 he was ordained to the ministry. In 1882 he accepted a call from Grace Baptist church in Philadelphia, and removed to that city. The church of which he assumed charge at once entered upon a career of extraordinary prosperity and has become the largest Protestant church in America. They built a temple in 1891 on Broad street, Philadelphia, which will seat comfortably over 4,000 people and has a capacity of 4,500. Mr. Conwell's preaching draws such crowds of listeners that for ten years admission has been obtained by tickets and thousands are often turned away.

Mr. Conwell has been in the lecture field 51 years, during which period he has delivered here and abroad nearly 9,000 lectures. He was the intimate associate with Goudy, Beecher, Holmes, Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, Everett, Whitfield, Wendell Phillips, Grant, Garfield, and others of America's great men. He is today one of America's most popular speakers and among the last of the stars who made the platform brilliant in the days of Gough, Beecher and Chapin.

Introduces Substitute For Ship Purchase Bill

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Senator Cummins introduced a substitute today for the administration ship purchase bill. It would authorize the president to acquire vessels suitable for naval auxiliaries at a cost not exceeding thirty million dollars for which Panama bonds would be sold. All such ships would be under the secretary of the navy, instead of a shipping corporation as the administration bill proposes, and in times of peace would be loaned to persons engaged in foreign commerce.

DEATH OF INFANT

Eleven Months Old Child of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Cromer.

Robert Lee, the 15 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Cromer, died at 12 o'clock Friday at the residence near Townville. Funeral services were held at Double Springs church yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, after which interment was made in the adjoining cemetery. The funeral arrangements were in charge of G. P. Tully & Son.

After you are assured that every article in all the lines we are selling at reductions is of genuine Evans Quality, then the prices are the only things you'll want us to tell you about. Here they are:

Men's Overcoats	Boys' Overcoats	Manhattan Shirts
\$20.00 values.....\$16.00	\$7.50 values.....\$6.00	\$1.50 values.....\$1.15
18.00 values.....14.40	6.00 values.....4.80	2.00 values.....1.40
15.00 values.....12.00	5.00 values.....4.00	3.50 values.....2.25
10.00 values.....8.00	4.00 values.....3.20	1.50 Adjustos.....1.15
	3.00 values.....2.40	2.00 Adjustos.....1.40

A few pairs left of the lot of Hanan \$6.00 shoes we are clearing at.....\$2.95

Bolcrans & Co
SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS
"The Store with a Conscience"

Battle in the Air Described by Aviator Who Participated
Tells of Conflict in Which Germans Defeated the French Birdmen. Given Iron Cross For Part He Took in the Engagement.

HANNOVER, Germany, Jan. 7.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—One of the promising aviators of Germany, who is now an army aviator, sends home some vivid notes of life on the aerial fronts. He writes: "The weather has been abominable, one series of changes from rain to snow and fog and high winds which keep some of us almost continually seasick. Notwithstanding, we keep up our flying industriously. "A few days ago I had an encounter with French aeroplanists which of the many I had is the one which I am least likely to forget. Two of the French machines were 'shot' down, and a third we forced to land. "Though the French aviators have the highest respect for our anti-aircraft pieces, they have recently annoyed us more than we thought necessary. We decided to organize a sort of aerial outpost service, the purpose of which it was to inform us of the coming of the French 'steel-birds.' "One day we were told that a squadron of five machines was coming from the direction of A—(possibly Arras). There was a rush for our machines, soon the motors snarled, then hummed, and within one-half minute or one another the craft got under way. "With the intention of teaching the enemy a lesson we started for altitude. Everybody was armed to the teeth, and in addition to our bombs we carried rapid fire guns on several of the machines. "Reaching the vicinity of A—we noticed that the French flyers had begun to cruise about. Double and single-deckers here and there studying the ground underneath. "We were keeping in a single file and for this reason the French must have formed an erroneous conclusion as to our strength. At any rate they soon saw us, and with a few minutes maneuvered for an attack on the first of our machines, a Taube. "But its pilot made a graceful curve downward, then shot upward again, keeping up the while a fire which must have put the propeller of one of the French machines out of commission. Of a sudden the propeller of one of the French machines the machine in question took a headlong dive downward, but righted again as it neared the ground. "Meanwhile we had deployed in battle formation, and now began a battle of one machine against the other. The French made every effort to bombard us from above. Higher and higher soared the opposing machines, trying for ever to pass over the other, but succeeding in little more than keeping more or less on the same level. "The wind being rather high and treacherous, sailing was none too easy. The machines pitched and swayed, bucked, violently as they hit a head-wave, and fell from under us. A heavy struck an air-hole. To the humming and spluttering of the motors was added the noise of firearms. Our motor made such a racket that we could hear the rifles and machine guns of our men and those of the enemy only as we passed them closely. "On my left one of our machines was keeping up a heavy fire upon one of the French craft, the rattle of the machine-gun keeping time with the motor exhaust. Of a sudden a man fell from the French plane, shooting towards earth like an arrow, followed directly afterwards by the machine. With that the second of the enemy's craft had been disposed of. "It now got to be the turn of our machine. With a violent lunge it lunged itself to one side, and in the next instant our machine gun took the third of the French machines under fire, a large double-decker, which by now was virtually cutting out places to ribbons with a murderous machine gun fire. For but a few seconds did our antagonists manage to keep this up—his machine began to pitch and

TEACHERS ENJOYED MONTHLY MEETING
LECTURE ON EUROPEAN WAR DELIVERED BY PROF. E. L. HUGHES

REFRESHMENTS
Served Upon Conviction of Lecture by Domestic Science Class.

The regular monthly meeting yesterday of the Anderson County School Teachers' Association, at West Market street school, was one of the most enjoyable and beneficial that this organization has ever held.

The address of the occasion, "The Geography of the European War," was interestingly discussed by Prof. E. L. Hughes, superintendent of the city schools of Greenville and one of the best known educators in this section of the country.

Prof. Hughes' lecture was a discussion of causes of the European war, in the course of which he gave his opinion as to where the responsibility for the titanic carnival of murder lies. Prof. Hughes took the position that Russia was at the bottom of the cause of trouble. Having been hemmed in from an extensive coast by nations none too friendly, the Russian, being intensely desirous of getting an opening upon the sea, brought about war at a period when the time was ripe for dealing a crushing blow to her enemies, aided, of course, by France and England.

Prof. Hughes' lecture was listened to with the closest attention throughout. There were points explained in his lecture which had puzzled teachers no little, and it was indeed a privilege to have someone like Prof. Hughes deliver a lecture on this all-absorbing subject.

The association was delighted to have with them Mrs. Ligon, who sang two solos, one before the lecture and the other after. Delightful refreshments were served those present by members of the domestic science department of the high school, under the direction of Miss Georgia Marshall.

Virginia's Donation.
NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 9.—The British steamer Lynoria, loaded with food and clothing donated by Virginians for the war sufferers of Belgium, left her pier at Lambert's Point late today but will not proceed to sea until tomorrow. She cleared for Rotterdam but will stop at Falmouth for orders.

MRS. CAROLINA BURDEN DEAD
Funeral Services Will Be Held This Morning at Her Home.

Mrs. Carolina Burden, aged 63 years, died Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. E. McKee. Pneumonia was the cause of death. She had been ill only 10 days.

Funeral services will be held this morning at 11 o'clock at her home, 22 Wellington street, Gluck Mill, after which interment will be in Silver Brook cemetery. The remains were taken from the home of Mrs. Burden's daughter to the home of the deceased yesterday evening.

A Correction.

In an article in yesterday's Intelligencer with reference to the awarding of a contract by the directors of the Anderson Development Company to the Southern Public Utilities Company for over 1,000 incandescent lamps for the new theatre it was stated that the contract for wiring the new playhouse had been let to the Mauldin Electric Company. This was erroneous. The contract for the wiring, lamps and stage fixtures, amounting to some \$2,000, was let to the Southern Public Utilities Company. The Mauldin Electric Company has a contract for furnishing certain fixtures for the auditorium, amounting to about \$400.

Prof. Frank Hawkins of Townville is in the city for the week-end.

PARAMOUNT THEATRE
Monday's Program
"The Man From Mexico" in Five Reels, featuring JOHN BARRYMORE
Admission, always 5 and 10 cents